



VOL. XXIV. No. 7.

{ TWENTY-FOURTH  
YEAR }

GLOUCESTER, MASS. AUGUST 23, 1919

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### Bass Rocks—Eastern Point

**T**HE season is booming merrily. This has been one red letter summer in the annals of Bass Rocks and Eastern Point. Cool October weather in August making life in the open enjoyable and dovetailing in nicely for the golf fixtures.

The golf competition, medal play last week, was won by Maj. Derrick, U. S. A., of Detroit, defeating James S. Eaton in the finals of 19 holes. It was a closely contested match and followed interestingly by a large gallery. Maj. Derrick defeated C. P. Byrnes of Pittsburg in the semi-finals on the 25th hole.

A handicap match between the men's and women's teams of the Bass Rocks club began Wednesday and yesterday the club championship of 72 holes medal play was begun, continuing today.

Monday Mrs. Van Voorhees of Brookline entertained seven tables at bridge and 33 at tea. Mrs. DeCamp had eight at bridge and 20 for tea. Monday, Mrs. Howard Brown of Brookline had 18 at tea and three tables of bridge. Yesterday Mrs. Edward Loftus, wife of the secretary to the Siamnese legation, had tea for 40.

The Saturday night dances at the club house have become an institution. Quite a number of dinner parties are given prior to the dancing. Among those of last Saturday night was that given by Mrs. R. W. Pogue, who is occupying the McGuekin cottage, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Triton Emerson of Chicago, covers laid for 20. Mrs. Frank Brewer also gave a party for a large number of her friends at her summer home, prior to the dance.

Arrivals at The Hawthorne Inn: Mr. J. A. Develin, Philadelphia; Miss Margaret Carter, Chestnut Hill; Miss Alma H. Dreyfus, New York City; Miss Marion Bragg, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Montgomery, Boston; Mrs. L. S. Ludlow, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. George, New York; Mrs. F. F. McMahon, Philadelphia; Harriet S. Smith, Hartford; Mrs. W. E. Dewey, Brookline; H. Wilson, New York City; Mrs. Wm. A. Clarke, Chicago; Miss Harwell Harman, Washington; Sarah F. Wilson, Antoinette E. Chandler, E. Canterbury.

Arrivals at The Moorland: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy and family, Boston; Mrs. Payson Dexter, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Roy P. Williams, Boston; Miss A. M. Curtiss, Miss Lillie A. Stewart, Middletown, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth F. Baker, New York; Mrs. I. S. Dannemiller, Mrs. M. J. Colbert, Miss Helen Colbert, Mr. Warren Thompson, Mr. Alex Britton, Mr. Reeve Lewis, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Hamilton, Miss Virginia D. Page, Baltimore; R. W. Wigton, Philadelphia; Miss D. T. Russell, Covington, Ky; Miss Morris, Springfield; Mrs. M. W. Trippe, Miss Trippe, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Nash, Miss Elizabeth Nash, Master Philip Nash, Plainfield, N. J.; W. Hartwell Shaw, Providence; Willistine Goodsell, New York; Major L. E. Williams, Mrs. John W. Heavy, Washington; J. Wallace Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. John Duer, Baltimore; Mrs. Theodore

(Continued on Page Eight.)

### The Rockport Shore

**T**HE battleships remain anchored in the Bay and constitute more of an attraction than ever. Last Sunday was the record day for visitors, the town swarming with them. If Rockport is made a permanent summer station for the ships, its summer resort future is assured.

Capt. Thomas J. Senn of the U. S. S. North Dakota has been entertaining his son, Lieut. Thomas J. Senn, of the U. S. S.

(Continued on Page Four)

### Annisquam

**A**T SATURDAY afternoon's tea at the Yacht club house Mrs. S. Henry Hooper presided at the tea urn assisted by Mrs. George Andrew, Mrs. W. H. Pear and Mrs. Albert Amee.

An entertainment was given by the summer colony Thursday and Friday evenings consisting of two plays, "The Queen's Messenger," and "My Lord in Livery," in aid of the Memorial hospital at Rheims and of the Amer-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

### Magnolia

**J**UST a tinge of early Autumn in the sea turn that has been swept in by the southeasterly of the week! More of a tinge of early Autumn in the "Fall Openings" on the Arcade—The bargain counter in Arcady! Milady's shopping lines are surely cast in pleasant places!

Among those in attendance at the Cabot wedding at Pride's last Saturday were Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Miss Elizabeth Hammond of Lookout Hill, Freshwater Cove.

Miss Iva Rowlett of Palmetto, Fla., is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Herbert G. Dorsey, at her residence in Riggs Terrace. Mr. Dorsey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dorsey of Ohio, are also with them this season.

Del Monte's bids fair to rank first as one of the most popular places on the shore. Evening parties at which gaily attired women and their escorts float on and on to the strains of the most compelling jazz music are held each night and Magnolia summer folk are wondering how they managed to entertain themselves and their guests without this charming rendezvous last season.

Among those dining at Del Monte's recently were the Misses Frances and Adelaide Brainard of Pittsburg, Miss Ethel Morse and fiancé, Mr. Chandler Bowditch of Brookline, Miss Betty Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrington Walker of Detroit and "Rockledge," the Misses Helen and Jean Middleton of New York, Mr. Nolan Hussey of St. Louis, Mr. Edward Hussey, Mr. Gates Williams of St. Louis, Mrs. Frank H. Winants of Baltimore, and many others.

Miss Florence St. John Baldwin of Louisburg Square, Boston, who has been coming to Magnolia for more than twenty years, is again at Hotel Oceanside.

Miss Baldwin had as her guest at luncheon Tuesday, Mrs. R. C. Monks of Manchester.

Mr. Cary Lemar of Augusta, Ga., who spent the past week-end with his daughters, the Misses Anna Baker and Nellie Lemar and Mrs. Sada Dudley, returned to Georgia Monday.

Miss Florence Clendennin and Miss Katharine Huling were hostesses at a most attractive dinner party given at Hotel Oceanside Saturday evening.

The dinner party which preceded the usual Saturday evening hop at the hotel was a merry affair, the table being attractively decorated with mid-summer flowers. Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Nellie Lemar of Augusta, Georgia, was hostess at a most elaborate dinner party given in honor of her fiancé, Mr. J. Woodall Green of Baltimore and Long Island, last Saturday evening.

Among those present were Mr. Cary Lemar of Augusta, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. John Augustus Murry of Brookline, Miss Anna Baker Lemar of Augusta, Ga., Miss Katharine Shepherd of Brookline and Annisquam, Dr. Weaver, U. S. Naval Hospital,

(Continued on Page Eleven)



"DOUGHBOY," A RED CROSS MEDAL WINNER

Belgian Police Dog Baffled by Miss Helen Frick at Canary Cottage and Won By Mrs. John Hays Hammond.



## The Cape Ann Shore

Devoted to the interests of the  
Summer Residents of Cape Ann

ISSUED WEEKLY DURING THE SUMMER SEASON

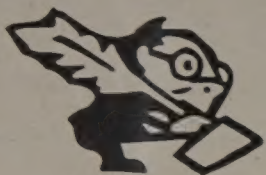
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GLOUCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

Subscription price, on Cape Ann, for season, 50  
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For sale at all the summer hotels, at Shurtleff's  
news stand, Main Street.

### TO ADVERTISERS

THE CAPE ANN SHORE, now in its twenty-fourth consecutive season, is the only summer resort publication on Cape Ann. It reaches every section of the cape, and is the only means of communication of the kind between the merchants and the summer residents. Therefore its value as an advertising medium is self-evident. It contains each week a full and complete account of the social happenings of the summer resort section. It occupies a place by itself in the advertising field, reaching the most profitable customers along the North Shore. Advertisers should remember these facts.



\$5?

### REWARD FOR PATRIOTISM.

The little town of Essex, on the north-westerly side of Gloucester, always stalwart in its appreciation of patriotic service has just concluded a two days' festivity in honor of its returned Service men, including a Parade, Banquet and Presentation of a Commemorative Medal.

The town of Rockport, equally stalwart in patriotism, honored its returning War Veterans on July 4 with a Public Reception, a Parade, Banquet and Dance, presenting to every man a medal with his name engraved, as testimonial from a grateful town.

How do these comparatively small towns—small in number of population but large in public spirit and appreciation,—compare with their opulent neighbor city, famed for the wealth of her fishing industry?

And the larger towns as well, name them all up and down the line—Beverly, Salem, Lynn, Nahant, etc., have without exception—and without stint—made royal effort to honor their sons of whom they are so justly proud!

Do not these neighboring towns shame the City of Gloucester which has practically refused to recognize the splendid way in which her boys answered the call of "The Great Cause?" To stand alone of all cities in such a refusal—is that an enviable position for Gloucester?

True, after some months of haggling, a committee, which arrogated to itself the settlement of this matter, finally decided to beg the question by giving each soldier and sailor a \$5 gold piece! And the reason they gave for this pecuniary reward of merit was:—

"For the sentiment which it conveys."

We must admit that these gentlemen were frank and simple in announcing their estimate of what was due to the boys who risked their lives that Gloucester might fish in peace! It must have taken some nerve to proclaim that what they think Gloucester owes these boys is just about \$5 apiece!

Five dollars the measure of a man's supreme service! "For the sentiment which it conveys." Now the loftiest "sentiment" conveyed by the \$5 gold piece is the dollar-mark. Then, according to the Committee's own revealing words, it would seem that the emblem of these boys' sacrifice should be the dollar mark!

Surely, even taking this dollar and cents valuation,—at the present high cost of living, the offer of a man's life for his country should be priced at least as high, let us say, as the average eight-hour labor of a plumber's assistant—Why not make it \$7.50?

The casual stranger—and this summer there are more here than ever—will infer that since Gloucester, alone of all the towns and cities of the North Shore, has

not seen fit to honor her returning soldiers and sailors, the excuse must be that Gloucester has not as much to be proud of, as those other towns and cities. But is such inference correct?

Probably no community in the United States has more cause to "point with pride" to its record in this war than Gloucester. This city furnished more skilled seamen—in a war where the services of skilled seamen were vital—in proportion to its population, than any other city in the country.

On March 10, 1917, a Naval Recruiting detail enlisted over 300 of the very best men in the fishing fleet for Service in the War—this, some weeks before War was declared. These "Minute Men of 1917" were soon called, and in small groups, without any brass band escorts or banquets, obeyed the Summons and manned the Naval ships and Chasers during the struggle. Their service was invaluable, because of their sea training—for a Sailor is not made in a day. These volunteers all made great sacrifice. They knew they were leaving behind the greatest reward ever reaped by the Gloucester toilers of the sea, when \$300 a week was the average earning for those fishermen who stayed at home. But they did it cheerfully, and proudly accepted the nominal pay which the government allotted them.

Similarly, the young men of the city—1800 of them—went forth in all branches of the Service to defend the World's honor.

Surely, these men and this record constitute something of which any community should be proud. But no, a \$5 gold piece is the measure, which the Powers That Be, would dole out as a prize to loyalty and sacrifice.

Such stand is taken in spite of the fact that the local Post-Capt. Leslie S. Wass, Post 3, American Legion—almost unanimously petitioned that if the sum of \$5,000 which had been appropriated for a Celebration is not to be used for a fitting Testimonial in the way of Banquet and Medal, this sum should be turned over to the Post as the nucleus of a fund for a club-house for these Veterans. It was proposed to build or buy a house—a meeting place for these boys, with a large Hall, Recreation rooms, etc., a repository for the military records and trophies of the Veterans of All Wars in which the men of Gloucester have participated—a building with memorial windows in honor of its heroic dead—so that

"Memory may their fame redeem  
When Like Our Sires, Our Sons are gone."

In vain did Lieut.-Col. A. Piatt Andrew, Commander of the Post, and also the other officers of the organization plead that they represented the sentiment of the Veterans. That this sentiment was far removed from the sentiment conveyed by a \$5 gold piece.

In vain did they plead that if the City did not see fit to honor them with some dignified Demonstration of Welcome—the memory of which would always be a climax to their other War memories—that if the City considered this sort of thing might entail too much trouble, then would the City at least co-operate with their new project of forming a nucleus which should develop into something of permanence—something worth while? Would the City help the Veterans towards materializing the new Post?

That is the sentiment of the Veterans! But so far, it has met deaf ears and a \$5 heart.

However, THE SHORE declines to believe that such a stand accurately measures the patriotism of the community as a whole or that such opinion will be permanent.

In justice to the Citizens of Gloucester, it must be said that this \$5 hush-money idea has no popular backing. A prominent Y. M. C. A. man went about trying to collect funds from the citizens, but failed to raise any amount because no one was in sympathy with the meaningless way this money was to be dribbled into \$5 gold pieces.

And in justice to the Committee itself, not all of its members are proud of their plan. Some there are, of this Committee, who would give Gloucester the right to take her place among her Sister Communities that have given more than gold in their heart-whole Welcome to the boys who willingly went forth to THE GREAT DEFENSE!

May these far-seeing Welfare-men convert their Brethren of the Deaf Ears, and \$5 Hearts!

### A WINNER WON.

"Doughboy," a Canine Medal Holder,  
Now in Possession of John Hays Hammond

The latest acquisition to the John Hays Hammond household is "Doughboy." Doughboy, be it noted, is a hero of the World's War and the proud possessor of an American Red Cross medal awarded to him for his hospital work.

He was recently brought to America by Miss Eleanor Barnes of Marlboro, an Overseas Red Cross nurse, and by her presented to Miss Helen Frick of Pride's Crossing.

Miss Frick conceived the idea of raffling "Doughboy" at Canary Cottage Tea House. Of 350 tickets Mrs. Hammond took 40, and on the decisive day came to the charming little Wenham Tea House with a party of friends, accompanied by Representative John Thomas, the humorist, who, blindfolded, did the drawing in his own inimitable fashion, while Miss Frick held the hat.

As the merry drawing drew to a close the tension grew to a climax—of breathless excitement—for the last number in the hat was to be the lucky one that drew the famous dog. It was one of Mrs. Hammond's forty!

Delighted, she bore "Doughboy" home in triumph, the more jubilant because it was the first time she had ever won, in charity's favorite game of chance.

She presented the dog to Mr. Hammond for, as she explains, Mr. Hammond has spent his life bringing home trophies from all over the world as gifts to her, and here, at last, was an opportunity to reciprocate and bring him a gift of rare value—just what he wanted—and her first lucky strike.

Mr. Hammond was delighted. Ditto, "Doughboy," who finds a happy home at the end of his many travels.

"Doughboy" is a Belgian police dog, trained to the nth degree. He will guard zealously any article left in his care. Should a stranger, unawares, venture to touch it that unfortunate would be torn to pieces.

Strangers within the Hammond gates will have to watch their step when it

comes to "Doughboy, The Medal Winner."

The following is a letter to Miss Helen Frick by Miss Eleanor Barnes:

"The original owner of Doughboy was M. Naud-Lievin, Maigne, Sarthe, France. He was purchased from his French owner by Captain David Gray of the American Red Cross, attached to the 92nd Division. I obtained him from Capt. Gray in March, 1919, at which time Doughboy was 10 months old.

"I was at that time stationed in Camp Hospital No. 119, at Laval, Mayenne, as American Red Cross Recreation Aid. One of my duties was to visit the bed patients and supply them with reading matter, cigarettes, candy, toilet articles, etc. Doughboy followed me on my rounds several times and then of his own accord picked up a basket of cigarettes, and started through the wards himself. Within a few days he was able to go the rounds by himself; he covered the entire hospital, never failing to stop at a bed containing a patient, and never bothering to stop at an empty bed. Of course, the soldiers were crazy about him.

"You may be interested in one little incident which illustrated an innate trait which might be developed and which has been developed in the trained Red Cross dogs of the same breed as Doughboy. Six nurses, a driver and myself turned turtle in a Ford Ambulance about 70 miles from home one night after midnight, when the justly famed French telephones were

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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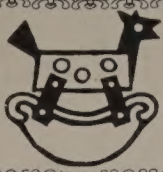
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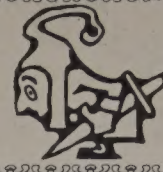
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## To My Lady in Search of the Artistic



### THE RAIDER.

(A Harmless Tale for Grown-up Children.)

By MARY C. TILGHMAN.

[Editor's Note:—Wingaersheek Beach seems to yield a spell over the artist of the pen as well as of the palette.]

Since THE CAPE ANN SHORE received so many congratulations upon the publication, last week, of "An Impression" of the Wingaersheek dunes by Miss Natalie Hays Hammond, we are confident that this "Harmless Tale" by Miss Mary C. Tilghman—presenting these dunes from a different angle—will also be welcomed by our readers.]

Picture and story have made us all familiar with the old type of Giant. How well we know his costume, that tasteful blending of Roman toga and lady's bathing suit—the latter on conservative lines—with the gnarled club swinging at his side, and pendent from his shoulder a handsome bunch of hair—animal or human, as fancy dictated!

In the good and dangerous old days when Giants were much in evidence, their pursuit and undoing furnished careers for many intrepid youths whose names are still ringing down the halls of fame—most notable among them being the widow's son, whose only assets were nerve and a beanstalk, and that despised cadet of an overstocked family with an understocked larder. Undoubtedly, Jack and Hop will live forever in noble company with Art the Peerless, and the campreador.

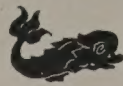
Ancient chronicles invariably set forth the female of the Giant species as a sad, down-trodden creature, brutalized by her husband to an habitual state of cringing deceit, but with very kindly impulses toward the stranger within his plates, and from that unpleasant destination many a tender young traveller was saved by her simple strategy. But these crude times are past and gone, why dwell upon them? Great changes have come to the customs and manners of the Giant race since that famous treaty with the *Ages*, who ceded the *Ninth Dimension* to the Giants on condition that they should keep forever within its bounds. As they are an honorable people, the scrap of paper has remained a treaty. Moreover, there is an hourly Patrol of all the *Dimensions* by the *Watchmen of the Ages*, whose gold and purple uniforms have without doubt a strong moral effect.

In this later civilization, we find Giant

women no longer ill-treated, but still gentle, domestic souls, devoted to their families and cheerfully subservient to the will of their domineering husbands. "Give in an inch, and she'll make a Hell" is the principle by which Mr. Giant conducts his serene and well-ordered home life. But, of course, like mortals of the lesser worlds, he has his weak spot, and upon that spot is firmly pressed the iron heel of his ever-indulged girl child. It is needless to say, that when some fair flower of pampered Daughterdom is given in marriage to a masterful young Giant, the Reconstruction period is apt to be spirited, and this may account for a few of the so-called natural phenomena at which we gape. However that may be, the fact remains that there are many happy, charming families in the *Ninth Dimension*, and of these none have a better position or are more handsomely established than the Geddons. That their ancestry is proud and unassailable may be seen by the Geddons arms, and by the crest:—Out of a Casserole or a Shillalah argent, motto: "Bludgeon will tell"—which is largely displayed on all the family silver, from loving cups to tooth mugs.

At a recent period in the history of the *House of Geddons* its most important member by far was its youngest, the only daughter, and a pleasing child, named *Alma*. This big little girl was, in spite of much humoring, gentle and fairly obedient, probably because she had been, so to speak, born in captivity; that is, after her mother was thoroughly tamed and had set in motion a train of nine boys.

But we all know that Satan details a certain number of his Imps to watch over even the best of children, and it must have been one of those Imps who contrived that the young *Alma Geddons* should discover an unknown break in the colossal wall of green marble which encloses the *Ninth Dimension*. Of course, the keys to the great *Sapphire and Silver Gate* are in the exclusive keeping of the *Age's Patrol*, and the wall is finished at the top with huge emerald-eyed lions, heavily wrought in silver, and set so close together that their armorial crowns and collars of finely sharpened steel seem to convey a subtle hint that the scaling is not good. As *Alma* stood by this majestic wall, and looked at the break, with startled eyes, the Imp who led her there was thoughtful enough to bring to her mind the many tales she had been told by the *Watchmen*, with whom she was a great favorite—tales of a small funny place called by its queer little inhabitants, the *Earth*, where there were to be



seen tiny dwellings exactly suited, so said the watchmen, to the taste and proportions of the adored doll from whom *Alma* was never separated and whom she had named for her mother, "*Sequoia Gigantea Geddons*." The hard face and unpliant body of *Sequoia* were beginning to show the wear and tear of an active life, but the love that found her lovable did not waver.

"Now is your chance," whispered the Imp, who was still on his job at the wall. "Just get through that hole, and you can run down to *Earth* and bring back a lovely home for dear *Sequoia*."

*Alma* stooped and inspected the opening, which was just small enough to make crawling through worth while to any child too large for its age. *Alma*, although only nine, wore a twelve-year size, and that size, as every shopping parent of the *Dimension* knows, is designed to cover about 138 feet of offspring. A few intensive moments, and behold!—Little *Alma Geddons* pulling up her socks, straightening her pinafore, and patting down her hair ribbon on the other side of the green marble wall! Next, she cast about quick, nervous glances for gold and purple uniforms, but fortunately not a single one was there in sight. Her own heart was beating fast, for she had not been so far from home since the time when she had gone with the *Watchman* to pick bunches of tiny comets to tie with rainbows for her big brother's wedding.

In a low tone which she tried to make calm and steady, she said, "Listen now, *Sequoia* darling, Mother is doing this just for you. We're going because I want to find you a nice house."

And these words were wonderfully heartening, for, though aimless travel may amuse and even thrill, a journey with a quest is the real thing. So, then, for the start! By her highest authority, the *Watchman* friend, *Alma* knew that one could walk to *Earth* along the skyline, but that it was a tiresome trudge. From the same source, she had gathered that it would not be advisable to try sliding down the sky, as the stars were hot and sharp. And of course everybody knew that the *Milky Way* always wound up dully at the *Land of Nod*. But there was a route endorsed by the *Patrol*, and this lay along a series of under-ocean tunnels, used at times by the *Ages* as temporary storage vaults. By taking any of the steps leading upward at intervals, and by using slight pressure on a trap door, one would be bound to emerge on some *Earth* strand, at about the point where tides begin to feel an interest in the shore.

Now this sounds like a safe, sane trip, but as a matter of fact, *Alma* travelled far and hard. Dodging *Watchmen* was nervous work, and much time was consumed in hiding from them behind the five hundred gallon casks of *Lethe Water*, which luckily were piled up for shipment to the *Seventh Heaven*. These periods of concealment,

(Continued on Page Eight.)



### SQUAM'S "FOTYGRAFT ALBUM."

Annual Pop Concert of Summer Colony Makes a Decided Hit—Program of Songs, Piano Solos and Dancing Furnish a Snappy Performance.

Well, did you ever! Isn't that killing? Where do you suppose they got those clothes? Good Heavens! I should think that boy would burst! Mother, did you and Dad look like that?

These and similar expressions were heard on every hand in the cosy theatre of the Annisquam Yacht Club on Saturday night during the presentation of "The Fotygraft Album," the first bit of the entertainment advertised (?) as a "Pop Concert," said bit having been preceded by (un)certain musical selections rendered by the A. Y. C. Orchestra, a band of strolling musicians specially aggregated for this occasion, the dull set notes of which smoothed off the edges of formality sufficiently to render the large audience ready to enjoy the fun to be provided.

To make a long story short, the Fotygrafts were immense, the characters of the book being portrayed by local summer celebrities, not the worst being the caller, whose visit gives the charming daughter of the house the chance to display the "Album."

Miss Dorothy Norton was the daughter of the house, entertaining the caller, Mrs. W. L. Jelly, showing pictures from the old photograph album.

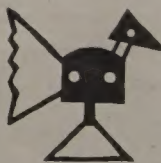
Tableau one was depicted by Miss Peggy Norton, a young lady of years ago; No. 2 was by Virginia Rice and Freddie Hawkins, as man and wife, and was voted very good; No. 3, Wesley Pear as a beau of long ago; No. 4, Joan Simson and Lucius Hill as Uncle Jed Prouty and his wife, Phoebe, which also won the commendation of the audience; No. 5, Florella Craw, as the innocent looking but very "wise" little girl; No. 6, Elizabeth Trask as "Edna Spark," who sings in public; No. 7, Daniel Speer as "Flora Burgstresser," the society belle; No. 8, Emma Beale, a very refined and modest young lady; No. 9, Mother and Father, represented very cleverly by Prof. and Mrs. C. L. Norton; No. 10, Jessica Raymond, "very good looking but not practical"; No. 11, John Norton, "something of a wit."

The entertainment was given under the direction of Mrs. S. Henry Hooper. The Misses Joan and Dorothy Simson assisted at the organ.

Mrs. Huntington Faxon followed with three songs delightfully rendered, playing her own piano accompaniments and responding to "encore" with Neidlinger's "Serenade."

Mr. Alexander Steinert next gave twenty minutes of his delightful piano-forte interpretations and concluded with some Ragtime, which caused the audience

(Continued on Page Twelve)



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# TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE EXCLUSIVE

Why spend time and money on railroads to Boston and New York when the choicest selection of both cities can be found by a 20 minute motor trip to the shops of

## MAGNOLIA

"Wedding bells ahoy!" sang Jack when I told him. Sounds like ding dong for little Peggy. Wants to go to Pattillo's does she—and look into cozy cottage furnishings? She'll be giving the once over and the up and down to the food problem next, or signing up a contract with one Bridget Murphy for occasional cooking to be done in the kitchen on alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays with a retaining fee of \$200 per month to keep said Bridget in the style to which she has been accustomed, until such time as said contract may be put into culinary operation."

"Something like that," I answered vaguely, wondering if it might not be wise to stop in at "The Electric Appliance Company" and see about an electric stove in case our Annie took to leaving.

We already have an *Eden Washing Machine*—which is well named, for, with that and an electric ironer, the biggest kind of a laundry can be done in no time at all by the upstairs maid, and I no longer lie awake at night wondering where the next wash-lady is going to come from.

"Bye-bye," called Jack from his *Studebaker* roadster, "if you're going in for a Gloucester shopping tour why not make it a day and dine at that *Chinese Restaurant* you've been talking about. I'll meet you there at six."

When, an hour later, Peggy's little Khaki Car drew up at the door, there was Chubby Thornton, one of "The Perennials" looking comfortable in his new "Civvies."

"Signs of Life!" he called, "Heave to, Matey! We're shoving off for the merry, breezy, briny port of Gloucester—On the road, down Gloucester way Where the Gorton Codfish stray And the summer lads and lasses Come to play and stay to pay!"

"He can't help talking like that," said Peggy, as I hopped "aboard," "it's what he learnt in the Navy—but tell me about this *Gorton Codfish*, I've heard so much about it—It's an enormous concern isn't it?"

"About the biggest there is," I answered. "Gloucester is the biggest fishing port in America and the *Gorton Pew* are the biggest fish packers on this Continent, and probably in the world."

"Holy mackerel!" broke in Chubby, "aren't we a proud Gloucester Citizen-ness?"

"Well, I've come here so many summers and I love the old place so—I almost feel as if this were my real life and the City only a necessary winter interlude."

"And, Oh! for a soft pedal on the 'winter,'" sighed Chubby, who is addicted to Florida. "I say! let's get up a crowd and make a tour of the *Gorton Pew Plant*. I own a few shares in it, and as a proud stock holder, I will show you about."

"So does Dad," said Peggy, "and he told me he wants to look it over when he comes on from Detroit. Better wait till then, for Dad is no end of fun—has a way

of diving straight for the most interesting facts—and besides, he's a great friend of the President of the Company—they were pals when Dad came to Pigeon Cove as a boy."

"I know," said Chubby, serious for once, "I've often heard your father say wonderful things about him. That's how I happen to be an investor in the *Gorton Pew Company*."

"And then," said Peggy, "there's another Fish Concern I'm keen to glimpse."

"You mean," I suggested, "the *Frank E. Davis Company*, where they pass the fish direct from Atlantic Ocean to the Consumer's Platter, without the interference of a middle man."

"Yes," said Peggy, "it invites you so enticingly in THE CAPE ANN SHORE, where it says:—*The Latch String is always out.*"

"I'll say so," chuckled Chubby. "They're good to you when you get there, too. It's my idea of what to do on a hot day—coolest place ever! When you go down in the basement where the fish are all packed on plate glass tables, makes you feel as if you were on the inside of an aquarium."

"Doesn't it smell fishy?" asked Peggy. "Not a bit! Just that briny combination of salt air with a dash of sea moss, which gets you when you're slipping about on wave-beaten rocks and makes you want

"To lead a jolly Sailor's life, And wed a Sailor's jolly wife!" chanted Chubby, trying to slide Peggy's little hand into his big paw.

"Down, Chubby! Down!" as she shook her hand free. "Tell me some more about that *Frank E. Davis Company*—what department did you think the most interesting?"

"The mail order department" was Chubby's prompt reply. "It has about a thousand girls in it—each one stenogling prettily at her own little desk—it's quite a room full."

"Chubby dear, you should insure yourself against overstraining your sense of humor."

(Continued on Page Seven.)

any day—and he was Pierre de Coulville, the French Ace, or that handsome Bertie Fortesque, formerly of the Coldstream Guards and recently (as Tommy puts it) of the Mudstream Trenches, or nice Dick Boylston of the U. S. Navy. Those three have all been cabling wildly in the last few weeks and Peggy has been cabling back—so that I should think it

doesn't know when she is flirting—doesn't approve of it—and is highly hurt when the possibility is even suggested.

She really can't help it. As her Uncle Ted says, "She's just built that way—a sort of Spark Ignition System, with wireless signal attachments and special Magnetic Features." But that's not love—not the real thing—as I explained to Dot and Mollie. Of course, with the men, it usually takes hard. After the third day of flirtation rash, they come down with a long and serious case of love and afterwards Peggy never can understand how it all happened, and sometimes she has her hands full—if they're the ardent suicidal type. And then, of course, there are "The Perennials," who have known Peggy all their lives and have the habit of proposing once or twice a year.

And as for Peggy's Aunt Lila! Every new affair worries her as much as the last one. The poor dear says one blessing about Prohibition is, that rejected suitors cannot drown their sorrow in drink—at least not in public.

In fact, of all the family, Peggy at the moment is the coolest and collectedest, and the only thing unusual about her is a sudden vivid interest in things domestic!

This morning she phoned over and said, "As long as we've both got an appointment with that new *Beauty Specialist* at *Slattery's Little White Salon by the Sea* for tomorrow, let's do the rest of our Magnolia shopping then and devote today to "Seeing Gloucester." I hear there's a wonderful shop there called *Pattillo* where they have some darling porch rugs and hand-painted furniture."



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# TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE EXCLUSIVE

Why spend time and money on railroads to Boston and New York when the choicest selection of both cities can be found by a 20 minute motor trip to the shops of

## MAGNOLIA



BassRocks—EasternPoint

Bass Rocks and the Moorland Hotel is all a-tingle with the preparations for the big "Merry Whirl of 1919" next Friday and Saturday evenings.

This year it promises to be a greater success than ever. Morning and afternoon the participants fill the Casino with their songs and make old Don Terpsichore himself sit

up and take notice when they stage their dances.

The program is divided into two parts, the first being a lively representation of a Vaudeville Cabaret with a vivid presentation of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" bringing up a close neck and neck second.

The Cabaret will consist of a Roman pageant, with Mrs. Henry B. Welsh of the Moorland and New York as the ruling Empress, and Mr. John Sidney Burnet of the Moorland and Chicago as the great and mighty Emperor. The costumes for this event are among the most striking ever seen and do great credit to their designer.

The Hungarian dance will be presented by Miss Suzanne McFeeley of Pittsburgh and Mr. Winthrop Anderson of Magnolia. These young artists display remarkable talent, and bid well to please the harshest critic.

Mr. H. B. Welsh, Jr., of New York, with Mrs. Edw. D. Parsons of the "Moorland," do the Oriental dances in true Eastern fashion; no detail of possibilities has escaped their attention and it is certain that a remarkably vivid interpretation of the real "snaky" Oriental dance will be produced.

Miss Lila Agnew Stewart of Middletown, N. Y., is directing the Cabaret and superintending the production of the show.

In the dramatic representation of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," Fortune could not have smiled sweeter for success.

Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson, sister of the author, is personally directing the presentation and Booth Jameson, his nephew, is acting in it. The cast includes Mr. John Dolan of the Moorland, Miss Suzanne McFeeley of Pittsburgh, Miss Martha Byrne, Mr. Charles Edwards of Kansas City, Miss Proctor, Miss T. M. Phillips of Memphis, Miss Polly Souther, Washington, Mrs. H. A. Taylor of Youngstown, O., Miss Grace Wilson of Detroit and Miss Martha Chess of Bass Rocks.

The Committee consists of Mrs. H. B. Welsh, Mrs. E. D. Parsons, Mrs. Henry Souther, Mrs. Henry Bischoff, Mrs. Wm. Allan Dyer, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. J. I. McFeeley.

The whole North Shore is looking in pleasant expectation to the success of this production.

Beside the many little teas and what nots at the club house and cottages, the management of the Moorland planned a most entertaining series of events for the week.

Monday evening the bad weather bode well for the moving pictures in the Casino and as the sharp northeaster was blowing a youthful deluge around the macadam roads, thereby rendering trips to Del Monte's out of the question, the attendance was surprisingly large.

The regular Wednesday evening dance

attracted a large and enthusiastic gathering, while the concert for Serbian Relief met with marked success on Thursday.

Friday was the big night. The Salem Cadet Band held forth on the deck of the good ship Moorland to a large and appreciative audience.

### MY LADY GOES SHOPPING.

(Continued from Page Six)

"I say, Peggy," continued this youth unabashed, "here's that *Lufkin's De Luxe* of which your CAPE ANN SHORE is running a close-up as the *Home of the Fancy Fizz!* Let's anchor here and try one."

"Yes, let's," said Peggy, drawing to the curb, "all that salty talk of yours has made Annette and me so thirsty—we're dying for one of those long cool foaming drinks they advertise."

Peggy and I had a delicious concoction with mint—but Chubby went in for a whole square meal. He called it a *Hawaiian Split*—and the following are just a few of the simple ingredients:—

On a foundation:—one-third raspberry, one-third pineapple and one-third banana:—the dapper fountain clerk placed one layer of vanilla ice-cream, and then one layer of strawberry ice-cream—this he covered generously with whipped cream and then topped it off with a sprinkling of chopped walnuts. Chubby said it was immense!

As our "shop toot" had been planned for the purpose of seeing some furniture at Pattillo's, we went there first—and Peggy was delighted to loose Chubby for a while, who said he'd meet us later as he had to look in at *Talbot's* to accumulate something snappy in the way of a bathing suit and some polo shirts with which to outshine his hated rivals.

A. Manton Pattillo's is a cool airy store with lofty ceilings. It's just around the corner from everything else and has an atmosphere of leisured welcome which makes you want to stop and spend the day—especially a hot August day. Perhaps the feeling of leisure is a subconscious suggestion of Oriental Calm. For the surprise of *Pattillo's* is the wonderful collection brought from the Orient—baskets that really come

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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MAGNOLIA

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FINE WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS HELD FOR DECEMBER DELIVERY



Daniel Low &amp; Co.

MEN'S JEWELRY

Salem, Mass.

## GIFTS IN JEWELRY FOR MEN

Now that our boys are returning home, a great many of the home-folks will want to give them a gift to express their joy in their return. We are illustrating here as well as on many other pages, gifts which are most appropriate. The belts shown here are new and unusually handsome.



R9147 Special Value in Man's Belt, heavy sterling buckle in hammered design, on fine black morocco belt 3.00 Actual size.

R9148 Special Value in Man's Belt, heavy sterling buckle in engine-turned design, on fine black morocco belt 3.25 Actual size.



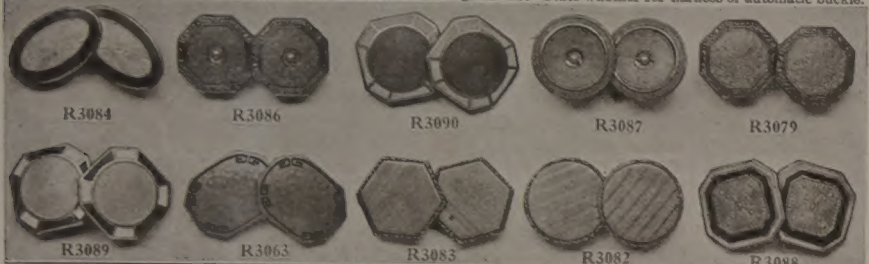
R9145 Man's Belt, very fine gold filled buckle, beautifully engine-turned design, on finest black walrus belt 6.00 Made as well as solid gold buckle.

M236 Man's Monogram Belt, heavy hammered sterling harness buckle, hand-saved monogram, on fine black walrus grain belt 6.50

M237 Man's Monogram Belt, handsome sterling buckle, heavy, hand pierced letters, on fine black walrus belt 7.75

R9146 Man's Belt, heavy engine-turned, sterling buckle, on fine black walrus grain belt 5.50

**MEN'S BELTS WITH STERLING SILVER BUCKLES.** These belts are very serviceable. Buckles are heavy and of fine quality. On all numbers except M236 and M237, the buckle is arranged so that it fastens automatically, without holes in belt. When ordering, print initials plainly and give waist measure. Leather belts only furnished at following prices: R9134 Cowhide Bridle 1.25 R9135 Genuine Walrus 2.50 R9136 Walrus Grain 1.50 R9137 Tubular Cowhide 1.50 R9138 Turkish Morocco 1.25 R9139 White Calfskin 2.50 R9140 Pigskin 2.50 State whether for harness or automatic buckle.



**FINE ENAMELED LINK BUTTONS IN STERLING SILVER**  
Illustrations are actual size. These buttons are especially modeled for wearing with soft cuffs and are the ideal button for that purpose. All are of very heavy weight. The engine-turned designs are finely executed. The colors and enameling on the enameled links are beautiful, and are really stunning buttons.

R3063 Hammered design, sterling chased edge - 1.75	R3083 Engine-turned design, ster'g - 1.75	R3087 Steel blue enamel, pearl cen- - 4.00
R3079 Enameled centre, lavender, - 1.75	R3084 White enam. cen., black edge 1.25	tre. Unusually handsome - 1.75
R3080 Steel blue centre - 1.75	R3091 Dark and light green - 1.25	R3088 White centre, black edge - 1.75
R3081 Dark blue centre - 1.75	R3092 Navy blue and white - 1.25	R3089 Lavender centre, black and - 1.75
R3082 Engine-turned design, ster'g 1.75	R3094 Lavender and white - 1.25	white edge - 1.75
	R3086 Steel blue enamel, pearl cen. 3.75	R3090 Blue centre, white edge - 1.75



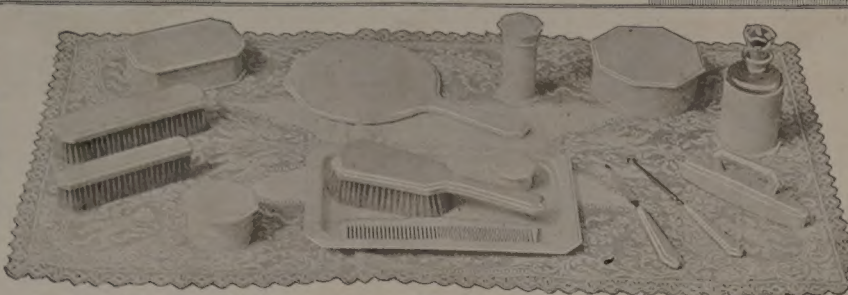
**SOFT COLLAR AND SPORT PINS, COLLAR RETAINERS.** Actual size. Practical sizes in these useful pieces of jewelry for men, which are becoming more popular with the increased use of soft collars. All are finely made and modeled. The engine-turned designs are especially attractive.

P727 Riding Crop, gold filled - 1.25	P1121 One-Piece Pin, square - .50	P1736 One Piece Pin, square - .50
P754 Golf Club, gold filled - 1.00	R1386 Collar Retainer, sterling - .75	edge, gold filled - .50
P757 Engine-turned, gold filled - 1.00	P1393 Collar Retainer, gold filled - .75	R2718 Whip, sterling silver - 1.25
P763 Engine-turned, gold filled - 1.00	P1397 Collar Retainer, gold filled - .50	R2724 Riding Crop, sterling - 1.00

Daniel Low &amp; Co.

NEW TOILET SETS

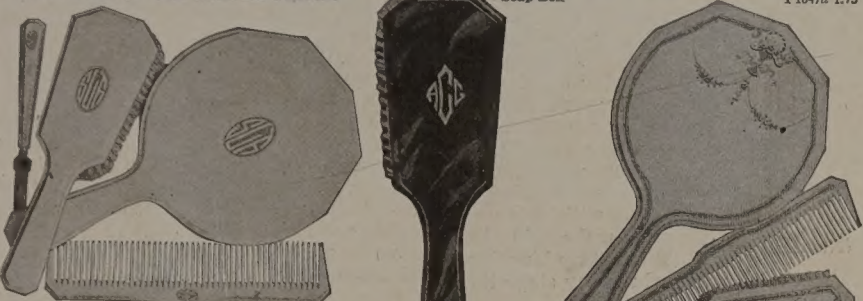
Salem, Mass.



## RICHILIEU, PRINCESS ANNE, VENETIAN SHELL

A dainty toilet set is one of the most prized possessions of every woman. The three new sets we are illustrating here have much to make them attractive. The outline is unusually pleasing, the pieces are all of good size, the workmanship is unexcelled, and they are as durable as genuine ivory. The Richilieu is a plain white set in the French Ivory. The Princess Anne is the same set, with a dainty decorated design in black, gold, blue and pink. The coloring of the Venetian Shell is a semi-transparent, a golden background with stripes of a deep rich brown, closely resembling genuine tortoise shell. Very attractive for a lady's dressing table and is especially desirable for a man's use. Engraving is extra, size a .75; size b .60; size c .40; size d .25. The italic letter after each number indicates suitable size. The Princess Anne is more attractive without engraving. We recommend gold for the Venetian Shell and the style engraving shown on hair brush below. Dark blue is recommended for the Richilieu. We can use on this design the engraving as shown on the Venetian Shell hair brush below, or either of the engravings shown on page F76 of our Year Book.

	Richilieu	Princess Anne	Venetian
Handle Mirror, 6 1/2 x 11 in.	T1001a 5.00	T1226 8.00	T1026a 7.00
Hair Brush, 8 1/2 in.	T1002a 4.00	T1227 6.50	T1027a 6.50
Lady's Comb, coarse, fine	T1003a 1.00	T1249 2.25	T1028a 1.50
Lady's Comb, all coarse	T1004a 1.00	T1228 2.25	T1029a 1.50
Cloth Brush, 6 1/2 in.	T1005a 3.50	T1229 6.00	T1030a 4.50
Hat Brush, 5 1/2 in.	T1006a 1.50	T1230 3.25	T1031a 1.75
Clock, 4 1/2 in. high	T1007a 6.50	T1232 8.75	T1033a 8.25
Talcum Powder Bottle, 3 1/2 in.	T1008a 1.75	T1233 3.25	
Man's Comb	T1009a .75		T1034a .75
Puff Box, 4 1/2 in. diam.	T1010a 3.00	T1237 5.00	T1035a 3.50
Hair Receiver, 4 1/2 in. diam.	T1012a 3.00	T1238 5.00	T1035a 3.50
Perfume Bottle, 5 1/2 in. high	T1012a 3.00	T1235 4.25	
Perfume Bottle, 4 1/2 in. high	T1022a 2.00	T1236 3.50	



**NEW CARVED MONOGRAMS**  
Beautifully carved out of the Ivory with an old Ivory background which is most attractive. Carved on the Richilieu, this monogram is 1.00 extra on each piece.



## PRINCESS ANNE

This illustration shows the beautiful decoration on this set, prices of which are given above.

## SUGGESTIONS FROM THE HOUSE OF TEN THOUSAND GIFTS!

DANIEL LOW &amp; CO.

SALEM, MASS.

A Store with Customers in Every State and Many Foreign Countries.  
Send for Unique Catalogue, or better still, Come to our Store.



## THE RAIDER

(Continued from Page Three.)

spent in cuddling Sequoia and whispering needed cheer and encouragement to the doll, so prolonged the transit that it was late in the evening when Alma broke up on *Wing-gaersheek Beach*—near *Annisquam, Cape Ann*.

Flushed from her exertions, her face, all covered by sand, had the appearance of a huge strawberry, sprinkled with brown sugar. To rid herself of the sand, she blew vigorously and shook out her apron several times, whereupon ten of the *Annisquam Racing Fleet* capsized at anchor, and timid clams hastily dug themselves in. After scooping out her socks and jerking her hair ribbon into place, she stood still and surveyed the strange scene below her. All was awesomely still and dark. The gems of night were laid away in soft gray clouds. Far off on either side, large rocks crouched half-hidden in the sea—their sharp teeth showing through the foamy flicker of the waves. Between them stretched the shining beach, as smooth and firm as silk upon a loom, and beyond lay tousled sand dunes that looked as if they had suddenly fallen asleep while romping. Further back yet, there stood a prim row

of cottages, in one of which a faint light shone. Away in the distance, on a finger pointing upward, a ruby glow flashed on and off.

Alma was reminded of the jewel that always sparkled on her mother's hand when knitting, and she felt obliged to speak very sharply to Sequoia and tell her that she could not go home yet.

Not for an instant did she forget the object of their visit to this odd, silent place, but was so tired, that she decided to rest a bit before beginning her house hunting. Taking a few steps upon the beach, she threw herself across the sand dunes. Her face landed right at the bungalow where the light was shining, and by propping her chin on her hand and fitting her blue eye over the window, she could see into a diminutive room, where there was a tiny figure.

This chanced to be a young author, and he was just then struggling with a prose poem. Divine (or even semi-divine) affluence was absent, and he sat gloomily gnawing his typewriter. Suddenly seizing his inspiration in both hands, he thumped out, "Oh! Night, beautiful Night! I hear thee breathing near me. I gaze into azure, vibrant shadow. I feel—"

Here, Alma withdrew the blue eye and proceeded to hoist herself up by her palms and toes.

(To be continued)

## BASS ROCKS AND EASTERN POINT.

(Continued from Page One)

E. Schwartz, Miss Dorothy Schwartz, Brookline; Mr. Lincoln Adams, Jr., Montclair, N. J.

Arrivals at The Beachcroft: Mrs. John R. Alley, Miss M. S. Alley, Boston; Wm. N. Stebbins, New York; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Whipple, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Treen, Rochester, N. Y.; B. P. Fullerton and wife, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Weaver, Danbury, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Young, Springfield; Mr. J. Garrity, Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Brown and son, Lansdowne, Pa.; W. H. Hunter and wife, Betty Hunter and chauffeur, Miss Katherine W. Miller, Miss Bessie E. Miller, Georgetown, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Lack, Miss Carolyn W. Lack, Brooklyn; Katherine Duke, Elina Descoteaux, Mary E. Thompson, Stella G. Thompson, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Phelps, W. F. Bachelder, Frank J. Woods, Holyoke; Mildred I. Bowker, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; John J. Garrity, Roxbury; Mrs. W. F. Spranny, Mrs. Mary C. Ghun, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fairbrother, Detroit.

The summer painting class of Henry B. Snell, the New York artist, held an exhibition of their work at Mr. Snell's studio, on Rocky Neck avenue, yesterday, today and tomorrow, from 1 a. m. till 6 p. m. Among the group to exhibit were Frederick M. Grant, Mary Reily, Mrs. Jeanette Brannigan, Anna Mendenhal, Bertram Em-

lach, Anna Nicholena MacCord and Irma Kohn, besides others, whose work is interesting.

## MY LADY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from Page Seven.)

from China, and glorious stuffs from Japan (stuff that Oriental dreams might happily be made of).

One glorious brocade there was—which seemed almost to burst into flames, so intense was the orange of it! Like a wild spirit of the sunset caught in a web of spun gold!

And baskets of every odd shape—and of rarest color. Baskets with double decks—and closely woven Japanese baskets used by the rice gatherers. Fruit baskets that spell pomegranates and the lotus blossoms—dainty baskets with demure lavender tints, and daring baskets like glowing Chinese lanterns with purple zigzags sputtering into orange!

"Ooo!" cried Peggy, who adores baskets. "Wish I were a Chinaman! Fancy having baskets like this, all over the place. And so reasonable."

At that, Mr. Pattillo himself came up—and as I have known him ever since I first summered in Gloucester, I introduced him

(Continued on Page 11)





Daniel Low &amp; Co.

SHEFFIELD PLATE

Salem, Mass.

STERLING TABLE SILVER



F 1764 Gravy Boat and Tray, cap. 1 pt., 8 in. long 10.00



F 1765 Five O'clock Tea Set, four pieces 23.50: Tea, 6 1/2 in., cap. 1 pt. 8.50; Sugar and Cream 3 1/2 in., high, gold lined 5.00 each; Tray, diam. 11 in. 5.00 F 1766 After Dinner Coffee Set with Coffee Pot 8 in., cap. 1 1/2 pts., same price.



F 1707 Bread Board, oval, 13 in., long, Dutch silver rim, 10.00 F 1708 Bread Knife, Dutch silver handle 3.00

F 1726 Dutch Silver Flower Basket, gold lined, 10 1/2 in. high 5.00 This is a very handsome basket, exceptionally low priced.



F 1717 Table Mat, Dutch silver, with felt backing. Used as a hot dish stand or under a centerpiece. Very practical. 14 in. long 5.00 F 1718 Same, 12 in. 4.50 F 1719 10 in. 4.00 Three mats make a useful wedding gift. Set of three 12.50



F 1715 Dutch Silver Castor, 4 1/2 in. high, 2 bottles 1.75



F 1725 Dutch Silver Lemon Dish, glass lining, diam. 4 1/2 in. 1.25 Very useful dish.

F 1760 Hexagonal Tea Set of pure Colonial lines five pieces 42.50 Coffee, 10 in., cap. 2 1/2 pts. 12.00; Tea, 9 1/2 in., 2 pts. 10.00; Sugar 7 in. 8.00; Cream, gold lined 6.50; Spoon Holder 6.00 F 1761 Kettle, 12 in. high, cap. 3 pts. 22.50 F 1762 Covered Butter Dish, with glass drainer, diam. 6 1/2 in. 6.00 F 1763 Syrup Pitcher and Plate, 6 in. high 7.50

The Hexagonal pieces numbered F 1760 to F 1767, shown here are all special values at the prices quoted. They make most useful wedding gifts.



F 1759 Tea Set, five pieces 59.00 Coffee, 9 1/2 in., cap. 2 1/2 pts. 18.00; Tea, 7 1/2 in., cap. 2 pts. 16.00; Sugar, 6 1/2 in. 10.00; Cream, gold lined 8.00; Waste, gold lined 7.50. This is a new set of very handsome design, the plating and workmanship are the best.



F 1767 Water Set, 3 pieces 19.50: Pitcher, 9 in., cap. 3 1/2 pts. 10.00; Goblet, 5 in. 4.50; Tray, diam. 11 5.00



F 1716 Dutch Silver Mustard Pot, glass lining 1.00

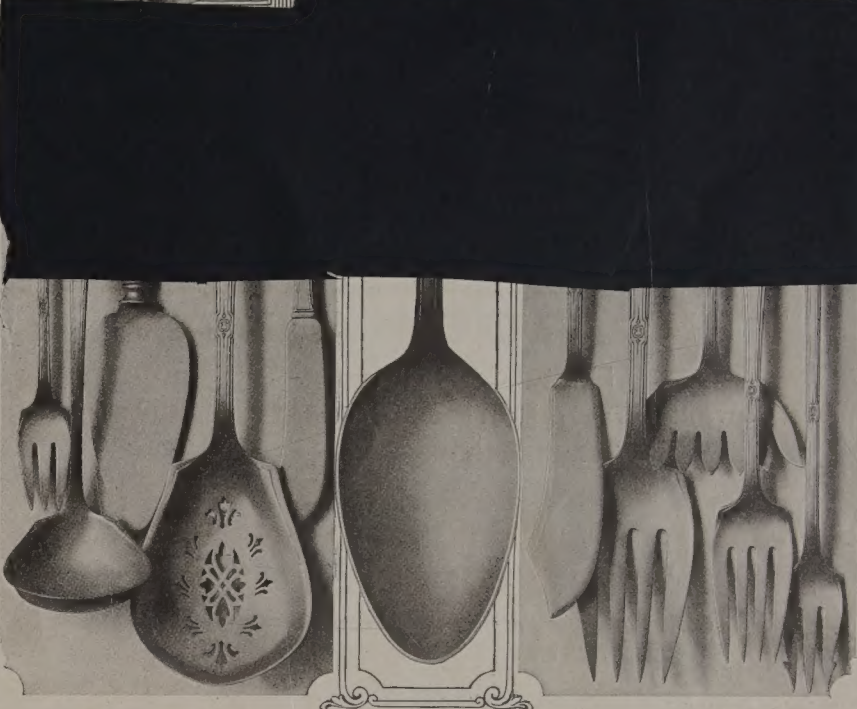


F 1714 Tea Tile, Dutch Silver, plated over copper with felt backing, diam. 6 in. This is very light yet extremely durable and useful 2.00

## Lady Mary



Lady Mary Worthley Montague, born in 1689, was one of that little coterie of women in England who laid the foundation for their present day standing in the world of intellect and culture. She was a very close friend of Mary Astell, the champion of woman's rights and was a prominent figure at court but she is mainly known for her poems, essays and particularly her correspondence. She accompanied her husband to Vienna and Constantinople and



**LADY MARY.** This new period pattern has much to commend it to our customers. Its simple outline is both practical and pleasing. It has just enough decoration to give it distinction and should particularly appeal to those who would like something simple yet more decorative than the plain silver. This pattern has a soft "Butler" finish with just a slight touch of grey where it is necessary to bring out the design. The pieces are of good substantial weight and proportion yet comparatively low in price. We are always glad to send a sample teaspoon on approval to prospective customers.

Teaspoon, doz.	18.50, 24.00 and 30.00	K 3201 Steak Set, 2 pieces	8.25	K 3210 Nut Spoon	8.25
Teaspoons, ea.	1.65; 2.10 and 2.60	K 3202 Bouillon Spoons, doz.	27.50	K 3211 Olive Fork	4.00
Dessert Spoons, doz.	43.00, pair 7.50	K 3203 Butter Knife	5.00	K 3212 Oyster Forks, doz.	24.00
Table Spoons, doz.	55.00, pair 9.25	K 3204 Butter Spreaders, doz.	31.00	K 3213 Pie Server	5.50
Dessert Forks, doz.	43.00, each 3.75	K 3205 Coffee Spoons, doz.	13.00	K 3214 Ind. Salad Forks, doz.	42.00
Table Forks, doz.	55.00, each 4.60	K 3206 Cold Meat Fork	6.50	K 3215 Sardine Fork	4.00
Dessert Knives, 8 1/2 in., doz.	40.00	K 3207 Cream Ladle	3.00	K 3216 Sugar Spoon	3.00
Table Knives, 9 1/2 in., doz.	46.00	K 3208 Gravy Ladle	7.00	K 3218 Cheese Server	2.75
K 3200 Soup Spoons, doz.	44.00	K 3209 Preserve Spoon	6.50	K 3219 Jelly Server	3.00

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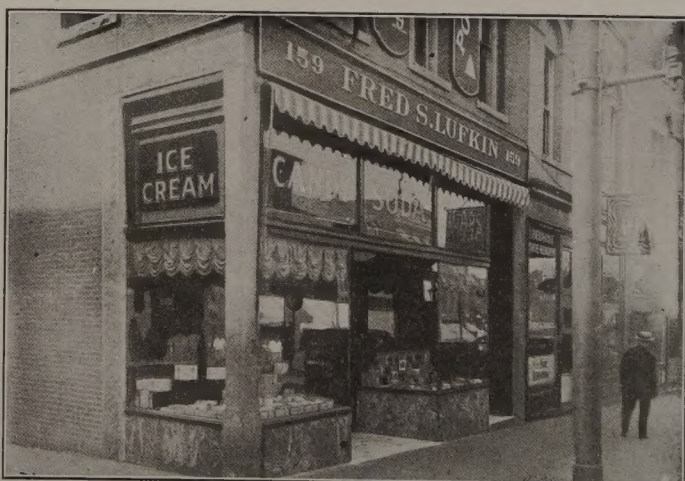
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ward, giving a large dinner party to relatives and friends at The Edward last evening.

Among the recent arrivals at The Edward were Mrs. Chas. G. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Ogden, Albany; Wm. Van Buskirk, James Van Buskirk, C. De Voe, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Moore, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Converse, Magnolia; Mrs. D. F. McConaughy, St. Louis; Miss Louise Roth, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Lockwood, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Whipple, Providence; Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Norwood, Brookline; Dr. and Mrs. Albert M. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. A. Holliday, Indianapolis; Prof. Sydney Floyd Wrightson, Washington; Dr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Lynch, New York City; Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Belding, Worcester.

### HAMPTON CONCERT AT "THE RAMPARTS"

Next Monday afternoon, August 25, at 3.30, Mrs. Samuel A. Raymond will hold a Hampton Institute Folk Concert at "The Ramparts," Eastern Point. Lieut. Lee will speak of the Hampton Soldiers in the War and Mr. Frank C. Whipple will tell of the work at the Institute.



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**YACHTING AT ANNISQUAM.**

A fair southwesterly breeze favored the boats of the Annisquam Yacht Club Saturday afternoon.

It was a dual contest in the 15-foot class over the usual triangular course in Ipswich Bay. The Princess got the jump at the start, but was soon overhauled by the Nisan which led thereafter all over the course. Just before the start the Hurrah came in collision with a motor boat and carried away some of her standing rigging and was put out of the running.

In the bird class the Cygnet led on the reach to Essex, but shortly after rounding was passed by the Auk, which maintained first place to the finish, with John Norton runner-up.

Fred Hawkins, sailing the Ketchup in the Cat class, carried away his peak halliards just as the gun was fired for the get-away. He repaired damages and started five minutes late. He finished a good second, C. L. Norton, Jr., in the Catenary carrying off the honors in the class.

In the Dog class it was Chow's day, that boat making a runaway of the event. The summary:

15-FOOTERS.		
Name and owner		El time
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	_____	1:35:20
Princess, J. P. Prince	_____	1:40:08

BIRD CLASS.		
Auk, R. R. Smith	_____	1:46:08
Archaeopteryx, John Norton	_____	1:49:57
Tern, Linzie Hooper	_____	1:50:28
Broiler, Hervey Stockder	_____	1:51:45
Sea Dove, Paul Jackson	_____	1:55:48
Baby Duck, Stuart Shepherd	_____	1:55:52
Bluebird, Spencer Borden, Jr.	_____	1:56:45
Cygnet, Jack Wood	_____	time not taken
Osprey, Sumner Andrew	_____	time not taken
Chicadee, Francis Hartley	_____	time not taken
Curlew, Miss Varrel Steere	_____	time not taken
Canvasback, A. Harrison	_____	time not taken

CAT CLASS.		
Catenary, C. L. Norton, Jr.	_____	1:34:19
Ketchup, Fred Hawkins	_____	1:36:28
Catnip, Don Jelly	_____	1:40:01
Scat, Winsor Gale	_____	1:41:03
Copycat, Wesley Pear	_____	1:42:12
Catling, Miss Blanche Borden	_____	1:43:04
Paws, Ted Graves	_____	1:44:41
Catspaw, Miss Gertrude Wiggin	_____	1:45:18
Puss in Boots, Miss Pauline Ames	_____	1:48:03

DOG CLASS.		
Chow, Brooks Stevens, Jr.	_____	1:36:15
Letter I, William Gray	_____	1:55:40
Bow Wow, Douglas Guiler	_____	1:55:45
Letter F, Oliver Ames	_____	Withdraw

The second in the series for cups offered by B. A. Smith and Mrs. Hedden was sailed last Sunday in a moderate southeast breeze which held true until the Bird class had finished but which headed the Cat class while on the reach from Essex to the Channel buoy. The course was a run to the Channel buoy, a reach to Essex and a beat home.

In the Bird class, the Auk had the best of the start and pointed the direction all the way. At the Essex buoy the Broiler was second, but the Cygnet and Baby Duck forced her out to give way at the turn, the field following closely, pushing her down to sixth place, the Cygnet being runner-up.

In the Cat class, the Catenary led to the Essex mark, the boats rounding well bunched, the Copycat and Catling coming in collision, the result being a protest and counter protest. The last race in the series will be sailed tomorrow. The summary:

BIRD CLASS.		
Name and owner		El time
Auk, R. R. Smith	_____	1:18:59
Cygnet, Jack Wood	_____	1:20:15
Mavis, Don Simpson	_____	1:20:56
Tern, Jack Hooper	_____	1:21:23
Archaeopteryx, John Norton	_____	1:22:10
Broiler, Sydney Berry	_____	1:23:03
Bluebird, Spencer Borden, Jr.	_____	1:25:02
Squab, D. H. Woodbury	_____	1:25:06
Baby Duck, Stuart Shepherd	_____	1:25:14
Osprey, Sumner Andrew	_____	1:27:09
Canvasback, A. Harrison	_____	1:29:33
Sea Dove, Paul Jackson	_____	Withdraw

CAT CLASS.		
Scat, Winsor Gale	_____	1:30:05
Catling, Miss Blanche Borden	_____	1:30:55
Copycat, Wesley Pear	_____	1:31:01
Catnip, Don Jelly	_____	1:31:41
Puss in Boots, Miss Pauline Ames	_____	1:32:20
Catenary, C. L. Norton, Jr.	_____	1:33:30
Ketchup, Fred Hawkins, disqualified for fouling a buoy.	_____	

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KIKO

## MY LADY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from Page Eight)

to Peggy. In his courtly way, he told us how he had acquired all these things from a collector who had spent his life in the Orient and whom the war had temporarily stranded.

Peggy bought a darling lavender and yellow folding basket—which can be slipped easily into any corner of a trunk, and then she got one of the ducky double deckers—to keep tennis and golf balls in—they are so decorative in a hall and yet so convenient as you go in and out.

Then Mr. Patillo showed us some real *Obis*—those fetching sashes worn by the dainty women of Japan. Wonderful strips of stuff, so vivid that they might have been designed by a futurist painter—and others mellow as an ancient print of old Japan. Neither Peggy nor I could resist these and we got some beauties to make bags of.

Peggy had been having a happy time with the rugs and the chintzes and everything and was inquiring into a sweet blue and white set of hand-painted furniture for a breakfast room, when suddenly she stopped short.

"Oh the darling!" she cried, "do tell me, what is that and what is it made of!"

"That," said Mr. Patillo, smiling at the impulsive Peggy, "is a *Tip-Table*. It's made of Mother of Pearl and tinted silver on a black walnut base. It was done by an aunt of mine seventy-five years ago."

It was indeed a curiously beautiful heirloom—this *Tip-Table* fashioned of walnut, and wrought in silver and mother of pearl. A Mosaic that flashed sparks of color from its bedding of jet black! I thought of the gentle aunt in the crinoline days, weaving old spells of young romance as she painted the silver to follow the flowered—

"Ting-a-ling for Chinatown!" came Chubby's cheerful tones in the doorway. It's 5:55 and if you girls are going to meet Jack at the Restaurant that has four *American Chefs* and four *Chinese Chefs*, you will have to tear yourselves away in Occidental haste."

We were astonished to find it was so late, so we quickly gave our addresses and followed Chubby to the *Royal Restaurant* which, being about in the centre of Main Street, didn't leave us far to go.

Jack was waiting for us at the *Chinese Restaurant*, and we four had a little private dining room. Peggy and I were quite in the mood for the Oriental, after all the lovely Chinese and Japanese things at Patillo's, so we turned up our noses at the everyday American food offered in the menu and allowed Jack and Chubby to go ahead and order us a regular *Chinese Feast*. The names are so intriguing I wrote them down and here they are:

(Soup) Shrimp War Mein.  
(Fish) Lobster Chow Mein.  
(Entree) Chicken Chop Suey, with almonds.  
(Meat) Jar Gee Gai (Fried boneless chicken, deeping butter).  
(Sweets) Gam Gett.

While, in addition to this, Chubby went in for a side specialty omelet called "Bot Bow Foy Oung."

These dishes are designed for the eye as well as the palate, and are moulded into fantastic forms and colors. Heaped on Chinese china and served by a pair of silent, smiling, swift moving Orientals—a pleasant sensation.

I had often read of being served in this manner but until then a correct and highly Anglicized Japanese butler, here and there, was the extent of my experience.

As we sallied forth from the *Chinese Restaurant*, I asked Jack:

"Do you think our Annie or our Rosie or our Maggie could be induced to wear soft stepping straw slippers and Oriental smiles?"

"Are they fond of Chinese puzzles?" was Jack's answering question.

ANNETTE SHORE.

(Copyright by the CAPE ANN SHORE.)

## MAGNOLIA

Miss Constance Orr of Troy, N. Y., who as a child was a guest at the Hesperus House, was the luncheon guest of Mrs. Sidney G. De Kay last week.

Miss Elizabeth Covel will spend the remainder of the season with her grandmother, Mrs. Therese Kuhn, at Hotel Oceanside.

Mrs. Cyrus Brigham of Brookline is a guest at Hotel Oceanside.

## A WINNER WON.

(Continued from Page Two)

closed for the night. Doughboy was the first one to emerge from the wreck, he immediately went from one to the other, sniffing at each person, and finally went back to the only one who was hurt, and licked her face.

"Doughboy is an ideal watch dog, and he is absolutely loyal to his owner. He will recognize a new owner within three or four days, if that person feeds him. The only bad trait that I can think of in the dog is that he will steal cream puffs if you give him the proper chance. I am sure a certain thrifty old French lady who owned a Patisserie in Laval will never forgive him for five he stole.

"I will forward the American Red Cross Medal for Foreign Service which was awarded to Doughboy for his Hospital work. Doughboy earned it himself and I am sure he would not want to part with it any more than I would want to part with mine."



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## ANNISQUAM.

(Continued from Page One)

ican Fund for French Wounded, presented under the management of Mrs. Lyman Gale, is a drama in one act by J. Hartley Manners. The role of "A Masked Lady" was portrayed by Mrs. Stewart Murphy, while Winsor Gale played the part of the English officer.

"My Lord in Livery," a farce in one act by S. Theyre Smith, was under the supervision of Allen French. Following is the cast:

Lord Thirlmere (H. M. S. Phlegethom)

Alden French

Spigott (an old family butler)

Paul Jackson

Hopkins (a footman)

Winsor Gale

Robert (a page)

DeWit Parker

Sybil Amberley (daughter of Sir George

Amberley)

Emily Williams

Laura, her friend, Pauline Dillingham

Rose, her friend, Sarah H. Winslow

During the intermission there was dancing by Miss Pauline Jones, accompanied by Mrs. Huntington Faxon.

The committee in charge comprised Mrs. C. F. Bradley, Mrs. Hollis French, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, Mrs. J. Bertram Williams and Mrs. Arthur Winslow.

Mrs. Harry Hickman and Miss Margaret Hickman of Philadelphia are house guests of Mrs. Lewis K. Mustard at The Pines.

The Mustards who are spending their first season at Squam are from Lewes, Del. They are delighted with Cape Ann and its surroundings.



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#### ANNUAL ROCKAWAY FISH STORY

No season would be complete without the annual fish story from the Rockaway. Here it is: "Dr. E. C. Speidel of Cincinnati, a guest at the Rockaway, caused considerable excitement on returning from a fishing trip, by hooking an immense codfish weighing by the 'scales' 187 pounds. Visitors are wondering what secret prescription the Doctor used as bait, and it is rumored the large Trusts are competing for the purchase of the formula. Upon his return to Cincinnati pictures of this record catch (taken by his brother-in-law, Dr. Hugo Kirchmeier) will be exhibited at all the leading movies."

Mrs. D. B. Dorsey, Miss E. S. Dorsey, Baltimore; Mr. John Tolan, Washington; Mrs. O. B. Jameson, Indianapolis; Booth Tarlington Jameson, Indianapolis; Joseph H. Grubb, Jr., Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Burns, Pittsfield; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Button, New York.

Miss Ruth Gervais of New York, a guest at the Moorland, is quite a noted Metropolitan Opera accompanist.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baird, James Baird and Miss Ruth Baird were a party arriving at The Edward after motoring through from their home in Kansas City.

The informal "get-together" dances of the younger element every night at the clubhouse are among the enjoyable features of life at Squam this season.

#### SQUAM "FOTYGRAFT ALBUM."

(Continued from Page Three)

to realize that this much-derided form (and justly, as generally rendered) has real worth when interpreted by a master.

After the intermission, when the Mandolin Club had restored harmony and John o' the Saxophone had blown away the "Incense from Afar," Miss Shepard gave a very fine reading of "A Dance to Allah," showing singular grace and fervor in the mystic rite and being most charming as to costume.

Mr. Linzee S. Hooper, in Rube costume, brought the program to an end with sketches of the results of a year's prohibition, songs and breezy bits from "The Bing Boys" and local hits, all of which got the audience for fair, and left everyone in good shape for the refreshments served down stairs while the hall was cleared and the musicians tuned up for dancing till the witching hour.

#### PROGRAM POP CONCERT.

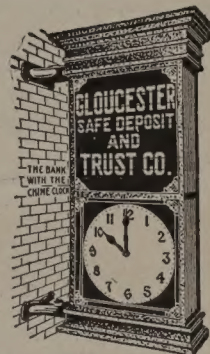
1. Selections by the Mandolin Club
2. "The Fotygraft Album" By Members of the Club
3. Songs Mrs. Faxon
4. Pianoforte solos Mr. Alexander Steinert
5. Mandolin Club
6. A Dance to Allah Miss Dorothea Shepard
7. Character Sketches Mr. Linzee S. Hooper

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